



Love Times Two



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Chapter 1 by Sabatuer G

One month before

I flew out the door, my parents screaming at me behind me.

"You forgot your- "

"I'm going to be late!" I said, whizzing down the street, a huge white smile spread across my face. You see, other than my huge braces, pig-tailed hair and suspenders, I was going to be popular at my new school. In my mind, there was no way that people couldn't like me, right?

"WHOOOO!" I flew down my street, my backpack thumping on my back with every step.

I stood in front of Riverview High and slid my thick rimmed glasses up on my face. Doused in confidence, I strutted through the doors, leaving my old school memories behind.

"Who are you?" A kid with ruffled blond hair and a plaid, collared shirt glared at me with furrowed eyebrows. It was homeroom, and I was bursting with excitement for my first day at Riverview.

"Oh!" I said, my voice slurring through the metal on my teeth. "I'm Melanie Rogers, I changed schools sophomore year! Nice to meet you!" I stuck out my hand, anticipating a hand shake. He chuckled in my face as a small group of kids appeared around me, and shot me a look.

"Sorry, but no one's going to hold your hand here, metal mouth."

The kids around me giggled and laughed, and one high fived the one I was talking to.

Confused, I spoke up, spitting a bit through my words.

"Actually, my braces are made out of titanium and stainless steel, so technically, it would be an alloy."

A group of highschoolers in front of me laughed, circling around my desk like sharks.

"What?"

"Weirdo."

"Why are you even at this school?"

"Go get a life!"

I whipped around, crumpling my shirt from the way people shoving me and laughing at me.

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This is not what I wanted. This isn't what I came here for.

One Month Later

I strutted down the street to Riverview, while simultaneously brushing my hair. I was drenched in fatigue- I had stayed up all night trying to finish a project I never started. That's what had happened ever since I transferred- I had thrown my old look away, and along with that, my grades. All my friends were back at my old neighborhood, so I hadn't really made many friends since I transferred- Even though I thought I would after I got my braces off and changed the way I looked.

I pushed through the doors of Riverview, the temperature of the hot summer sun slowly fading into the multiple air conditioning systems of the school. I breathed in the cool air, and began to walk down the hallway. I felt stares of people burn into my skin.

"Oh, hello eyebrows." Thomas Cook smiled mischievously, leaning on the frame of the door. After I had gotten my braces off, he could no longer call me "metal mouth" so it turned into "eyebrows", In mockery of the two giant caterpillars above my eyes. I sighed and rolled my eyes, trying not to feel intimidated because I was the shortest oompa-loompa on the planet.

"Please, not today, Tom." I said, trying to swerve around him and into homeroom. He stood in front of the door, making it practically impossible to enter.

"What.. What do you want?" I mumbled, staring at the tiled floor.

"I'm surprised you're still at this school." He said with a chuckle.

"Just let me go in." I practically whispered, as he completely ignored me.

"Pay up." He said, scowling.

"I told you, I don't have any more money!"

Ever since I had joined Riverview, Thomas had told me to give him a dollar every time I would enter homeroom at the start of the day. Being the kind of person I am, I of course did nothing to stop it, and I was dry of the measly twenty dollars I had mustered the week before my transfer.

"Okay, then you're not coming in. Go wait in the bathrooms or something." He whipped around, about to go back into the room, when I stopped him.

"You can't do this to me!" I said, my voice a messy mix of confident and terrified.

"Yeah?" He approached me, virtually towering over me, with a look that could kill. "And what are

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me- instead, he was plastered up against the line of lockers, his skinny legs barely lifting off the floors. Next to him was a tall, wiry, brown haired student, glaring down at him with anger. He had Thomas pinned against the blue metal.

"You're lucky that I'm a good person." He said, his voice on the brink of screaming. "Go somewhere else so I don't have to see you." He backed up from Thomas, who dashed into the classroom as quickly as he could.

"Um... Are you okay?" The tall kid asked. It was as if he became a different person.

"I'm glad he didn't say anything back to me- I'm as chicken- limbed as he is!" He laughed, and his deep voice filled my ears.

"Hell-o?" He questioned. I then realized that I was turned completely away from him like I was a character in a horror movie.

"Uh.. Um.." I said as I awkwardly twirled around. "Yeah... I'm fine." I found that the floor was the safest place to stare at, and I examined his shoes thoroughly.

"Good. I'm Hunter, by the way." He stuck out a hand for me to shake, and then I realized that he wasn't kidding. He was tall- EXTREMELY tall- and surprisingly scrappy and skinny for what I had expected. I slowly looked up at his hand- which wasn't being shaken- and looked at his face- confused and a bit perplexed, with tan skin, reddened cheeks and the deepest, darkest brown eyes I had ever seen in my life.

"You're sure you're okay?" He asked, and I caught myself as I began to get lost in the huge brown orbs on his face.

"Um... Yeah, yeah! I'm totally okay, I'm..." Suddenly, completely unintentionally, I wrapped my arms around his waist and hugged him tightly.

"Uh.. UM.." He attempted to pry me off with his hands, but then realized that he would need a crowbar for such objectives."Why.. THIS IS A WEIRD INTRODUCTION!" He yelled, trying to get me off of him.

"Let.. Go... Of... Me!" He screamed, and then realized there was multiple people glaring at us with confusion.

"Um.. Hi." He said, waving to someone passing by.

"Listen." He said monotonically as he lugged around with me as a human belt. "I don't know why

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"What?" He turned, and sounded like he didn't want to have anything else to do with me.
"Thank you."

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